

# SERIAL STORY

## STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Thoraburgh

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### SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends.

### CHAPTER X—(Continued).

"Jes and I do not tire of our friends," she rebuked. "But beyond that, how can any one tell what will happen? We can just live our best every day and wait to see further. Sometimes things get twisted wrong."

"What is the matter? What is twisted wrong, Miss Floyd?"

She shook her head, smiling across her shoulders at him.

"Nothing—nothing but me. Only I feel disgustingly gloomy to-night; as if Jes and I were very far apart. Never mind, I wish you all good luck and victory for the race."

"What was that song you were singing on the first day I came here?" he asked irrelevantly.

She hesitated, then struck a few chords upon the piano. "That?"

"Yes. Will you sing it to me, now?"

With her charming trick of prompt obedience, she at once seated herself at the instrument.

It was no ornate classic, no love-song, that the velvet-and-gold contralto voice braided into Stanton's memory, to be in the near future a torture more acute than physical pain and personal grief.

"Oh, in the still night  
Ere chamber's chain hath bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me."

That was the quaint stiff melody of fifty years before, that Jessica Floyd sung to Stanton before they parted.

On reaching home, an hour later, Stanton found a letter awaiting him from the assistant manager, Green. It was dated from Long Island, and reminded him that the course would be open for the last day's practice next morning during the early hours.

"The car is at last ready, and if you see Jes Floyd, tell him that we can not get along without him any longer," ran the concluding sentence.

Stanton put down the letter, frowning at it in irritated astonishment. Had not Floyd gone to prepare for the race, with Green and by his direct order? How then could he, Stanton, know anything about his mechanician and why did not Green know everything? Possibly Floyd had been kept at the Mercury factory; but in that case Green would surely have sent there for him, instead of trusting to the faint chance of Stanton's encountering him. Of course Floyd must be ready to go out for the delayed practice work next morning—Stanton rose impatiently; of course he would be ready.

A thought like a needleprick halted him when half-way across the room, a wild fancy. Could it be conceived credible that Valerie Carlisle did wish to prevent the Mercury car from racing, and, failing to reach the driver, might attempt to keep away the mechanician she knew to be so valuable? He recalled his own strange illness on the eve of the Massachusetts race. On an impulse beyond restraint, he turned to his telephone; there would be some one to tell him of Floyd at the factory, for it was working night and day to fill its orders.

"Yes, 337 Frenchwood," the thin voice finally came along the wire. "Yes, Mercury. Mr. Stanton? Wait." The instrument roared wildly; he knew it was the din of the huge engines he heard across thirty miles of distance.

"Hello," another voice took up, through the drone. "Stanton? This is Mr. Bailey. What? Oh, why Floyd's gone on—there was a blank clicking—" to Long Island tonight," was faintly resumed. "He'll be on his job when you need him. Stanton; go a bit easy on the poor kid. He isn't a machine."

Stanton exclaimed something ugly and hung up the receiver with a snap. Bailey was a fool, he mentally sneered, and Green was another, and he himself the third. As for Miss Carlisle, he had not seen or heard of her since

the trip to Indiana. No more orchids and laurel. He smiled in sardonic relief and went to open a window to the pungent October air. To-morrow he would see Floyd at the course and begin the work which intoxicated him as it does all those who once acquire the fearless mastery of a car at high speeds and taste the strong excitement of the racing game. He drew a breath of anticipated exhilaration; this was the ground where he and Floyd stood closest in understanding and where Jessica could never come. But he wished that she had not looked so strangely grave and wistful that evening. It troubled him.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Last Race.

"Say, Floyd, got a spare fire extinguisher in your camp?"

"I guess so," called a gay rippling voice across the gray dawn mist.

"Just throw it into the next pit, then; Jack's whistling again."

A tousled head appeared from the third in the row of repair pits.

"Let Floyd alone, he'd rather hear me whistle than you talk," jeered the offender. "Besides, he's working. Is it true, Floyd, that you can make a worn-out taxicab motor run like a new foreign engine? Some one told me so."

"Why, yes, Jack; but I haven't any time to fix your car now," came the sweet reply. "Come crank the Mercury for me, one of you, I want to hear her run."

One of the laughing mechanics ran forward, but paused as a tall figure advanced from the shadow of the stand.

Floyd straightened up from bending over the unhooded motor, shing-eyed and vividly aglow in the raw, salt air that swept across the bare Long Island meadows.

"Stanton!" he gladly welcomed, and stripped off a rubber glove to give greeting; Floyd was girlishly careful of his hands and always protected them during work when possible.

"I just arrived here, by train," the other explained. "Do you want to take the car out?"

"When you're ready."

"I am ready now. Get some warm things on, it is going to be chilly until the sun is out."

It was not an emotional meeting, but both men were content. Stanton had felt the thrill of relief and pleasure upon seeing his mechanician which surprised him into recognition of how much uneasiness the incident of the night before had caused him.

"You will have to be kind to the tires," Floyd warned, as he complied with the directions. "We have only

the ground. On the second time around, the Mercury struck an edged stone and lost a tire with a sharp report. Stanton drew up by the roadside, and Floyd ran back to pitch the mischief-making rock into the fields.

"George and Palmer are out," he observed, returning. "They might come to grief on it, too. Besides, we ourselves might hit it again. I like a track race."

"So do I. How many tires left?"

"Three."

They worked rapidly, both for practice and from force of habit. The Duplex roared past at a leisurely gait, while they were busy, its driver waving a hand in sympathetic greeting. Floyd paused to wave a response, and presently the Mercury sped after its rival.

Before ten o'clock they had lost another tire.

"Those tires in yet?" demanded Stanton, when he again drew up before the repair pit.

The harassed assistant manager shook his head, exhibiting a sheaf of yellow telegrams.

"Not yet. The Ruby Company telegraphs that they shipped the order last week by express; the express company telegraphs that they sent the carload on from Chicago two days ago and it must be here."

"The freight car must have been left in the New York yards, instead of being sent out here," deduced Stanton exasperatedly.

"New York says it isn't there."

"Perhaps they shipped the order to the Mercury factory by mistake," Floyd suggested.

Mr. Green looked at him in scorn.

"Of course I phoned there first of all. The chief says they are not there, either, and to telegraph all along the line until we trace the car."

"Have you done it?" Stanton inquired.

"I'm doing it now. I've got as far west as Utica and each freight yard denies having them."

"We'll go to lunch, Floyd. The answers will come in meanwhile."

There was a hotel nearby, which Mr. Green made his headquarters, and where Stanton and Floyd chose to stay. A good many of the other drivers and officials also remained for that night.

"I'd run into little old New York," the driver of the Atlanta car explained to Stanton, "only I'm afraid it ain't healthy to go through Brooklyn so often."

To the hotel the answers continued to come all that afternoon, until Mr. Green and the office were snowed over by strips of yellow paper. The larger the city and the more crowded its freight yard, the longer the time re-

quired to make the search for the missing car and report the result to Long Island.

After four o'clock, the roads were again open for practice until sunset. The Mercury went out for a couple of circuits, and lost another tire by skidding on a turn. After that the car stood before its camp—"Afraid of wearing out her last pair of shoes," Floyd informed solicitous questioners.

"Can't you buy them somewhere else?" chafed the irritated Stanton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Fairchild's Distinction.

Mrs. George W. Fairchild is among the best gowned women in the congressional set in Washington. One of her dinner gowns is a model on which the ceremonial robes of the summer will be built. It is a trained robe of heavy cream satin, with panels of blue chiffon extending back, front and on the sides from the low cut bodice and ending at the hem in tassels of crystal and cut steel beads. The diamond necklace which Mrs. Fairchild wears with many of her ceremonial gowns follows the prevailing style in resembling a delicate pattern of lace. It is about three inches in width and fits as snugly as a glove.

The morning's work had begun. It was always a course race. The Cup event, and in many places the way lay over hastily prepared country roads. Here and there men were still at work, banking turns or smoothing

got one extra set here. The shipment for the race hasn't arrived yet."

"Why not?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Green has telegraphed to the tire company. I suppose they will be along to-day, or to-morrow at the worst."

"I should hope so. Ready?"

"Just about. Oh, they all say that your trial for speeding in Pelham Parkway took place day before yesterday."

"It did."

Floyd stopped in the act of ascending to his seat.

"You didn't tell Jessica," he reproached.

"How do you know?" queried Stanton, astonished.

"I saw her late last night, on my way here. What did they do to you?"

"Fined me all the law allowed—which the Mercury Company paid—and suggested the wisdom of not doing it again. I didn't suppose Miss Floyd would be interested in police court details. Get in."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Tricorne Hat Design for Wear on Summer Afternoon



Hat for afternoon wear. Tricorne in "tete de negre" chip, covered with tulle pleatings in same shade. Long feather with veil of pleated tulle.

### CLEVER IDEAS FOR BLOUSES

**Delicate Net Waist and Corset Cover Are to Be Fastened to the Same Belt.**

A clever New York designer has made use of a French idea in devising blouses of French net, known as tulle or blonde and extremely sheer fabrics. By themselves, as every woman knows, net waists are so delicate that the wearing of them is a somewhat trying and uncertain proceeding. It is practically impossible to anchor them securely in any one position. And there can be no such quality as "fit" because of the necessity of having them large in order to keep them from breaking out.

This New York designer has got around these objections by putting a corset cover of lace, embroidery and ribbons inside the net waist and fastening both corset cover and waist to the same belt. The ribbons can be run in and taken out at will and the combination corset cover and blouse easily laundered in one piece. These blouses are a distinct novelty and quite an inexpensive one. Another model by the same designer is in white cotton crepe with a regular Montenegrin jacket, also of the crepe, but with a Persian border. The coloring is repeated in the buttons and the bow at the neck.

### REALLY WILL WHITEN HANDS

**Mixture of Yellow Cornmeal and Kerosene Removes Coarseness Within a Short Time.**

For softening and whitening the hands vanity has another assistant besides cold cream. It is the simplest of home remedies, and has the great merit of being far quicker in its effects and less bother to use than the cream. It is just a mixture of yellow cornmeal and kerosene.

Take a handful of the meal, as one would take soap, moisten this with the kerosene as with water, and rub the hands as though they were being washed. After this wash them in warm water. That is the whole process. Yet the results, particularly if one must do housework, by which the hands are always coarsened, is truly satisfactory.

No odor of kerosene is left after rinsing, and, strange as it may seem, the effect is excellent on the tiny cuts and bruises which come with housework. Of course kerosene and yellow meal have not a faint sound, but the condition which they produce is daintiness, so that the important point is reached after all.

### CORRECT FOR WRITING TABLE

**Stationery is of the Daintiest Order, and Most Attractive in Its Completeness.**

Seven by five and one-half inch sheets are fashionable for correspondence stationery which, when doubled once, fit into envelopes with deeply pointed flaps and of extreme size. These receptacles are additionally unique because lined with pebble-surfaced tissue paper sprinkled over with

sprays of fine flowers and leaves. Like the sheets, which at the right upper corner are engraved with the home address, the envelopes are of a sort of parchment paper in old ivory—a tone which, at the moment, is ultra-smart in stationery.

Long oblong sheets of glazed-surface paper with a half-inch lap-over at one end and fitting into extremely narrow envelopes with straight flaps, are another stationery novelty of this season. These sheets and envelopes come in French gray, cream and light brown shades and to match them are two by six inch correspondence cards—also with lap-over ends—and exceedingly narrow envelopes.

A new idea in mourning stationery is the envelope in pure white save for a fine line of black defining its deeply pointed flap but with a black tissue paper lining. The sheets are merely edged with black and the address engraved in black skeleton lettering.

### CHIC AFTERNOON GOWN



An afternoon gown of old rose charmeuse with full blouse waist. The fullness of the skirt is gathered in by the back panel.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR JUNE 8

#### JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BROTHEREN

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 45:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133:1.

No story of the Old Testament is fraught with greater dramatic interest than that which is presented to-day. Let us get the setting of the picture. An opulent oriental court; that man who next to Pharaoh exercised more power than any congress or assembly, and into whose hands had been placed the destinies of a kingdom by earthly power and the out-working of the plan of redemption by a divine power. Servants, power, resources, all at Joseph's command. Before him his brothers who long ago gave him up as being dead. Outside a great calamity resting upon the people, and none prepared to meet it except these of Egypt whose provision was the result of the work of this man of God. (1 Tim. 4:8). Before this man, as humble supplicants, we see those who "entreated him despitefully." Judah's speech was a revelation to Joseph, it satisfied him, and what need, therefore, for further delay in revealing himself in his true character?

#### Saving Love.

I. Revelation, vv. 1-3.—Excluding all from his presence, saving his brothers, Joseph gave full vent to his joy and rejoicing. "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" Their astonishment was so great as to leave them speechless, and again haunting memories condemn them to fear and foreboding for they were "troubled in his presence." We have here a beautiful picture of forgiveness and saving love.

The exaltation of Jesus was to give repentance to Israel through the forgiveness of sins. Acts 5:31. Even so did Joseph bring repentance to his brothers and forgiveness of their wrongs toward him 22 years before. Joseph's severe dealings with his brothers aroused them to a full recognition of their evil deeds and prepared them to receive his pardon and forgiveness.

But the cup is full, no longer can he restrain himself, and with a loud voice, so loud that it could be heard without, he cried "I am Joseph." Small wonder that at such a proclamation by him whom they had so grievously wounded, "they were troubled." So shall it be when the brethren of Jesus shall "look upon him whom they have pierced," Zech. 12:10.

II. Reconciliation, vv. 4-8.—The greatness of Joseph is here revealed in a clear, true light. He interprets to his brothers their own actions with all that God has involved in it, which must have been a great surprise to his brothers. Joseph does not wait for them to fall at his feet and sue for mercy, but seeks to allay their fears, "Come near to me I pray you." These who by their wicked works were rightfully alienated from him are invited to draw nigh, Col. 1:21 and Matt. 11:28.

#### Joseph's Grace.

Joseph was as one who was dead and out of that came life for those of his own family as well as those outside. Even so God has brought life to many out of the death of Jesus, working salvation for all out of the most colossal and infamous crime ever perpetrated—the crucifixion. Joseph was "sent" (v. 7), to save those very ones (John 1:11). It was a "great deliverance," see Heb. 2:3. Here, again, we see Joseph's intimate relations with God, "it was not you that sent me hither, but God." That is the right way to look at life, Rom. 8:28.

III. Proclamation, vv. 9-15.—The news of this meeting came to Pharaoh, vv. 2, 16, with the result that he commanded Jacob and all of his household to be brought into Egypt. Having received good things themselves, they are commanded to go with haste, and tell others, Matt. 22:7. The first call is always "come" (v. 4), and that is always followed by the command of "go" (v. 9). Joseph was not ashamed of his old father and his brothers in the days of his prosperity, and added that when they should dwell in Egypt they were to be "near unto me," see Phil. 1:23, John 14:3. When the brothers reached Jacob and told him that Joseph was alive and exalted in Egypt he could not believe them, and his heart fainted. Can we be surprised? Yet conviction was at hand in the shape of the wagons laden with the rich spoil of Egypt, vv. 21, 27, 28. Again God appears to Jacob, 46:2, 3, and adds the assurance of his own word.

Lessons of the Lesson.—The greatness of Joseph's character is revealed in the hour of the fulfillment of his dreams—tears, not vindictiveness, manifest the condition of his heart. Jacob recognizes God's great plan, and that its outcome is an evident blessing for others as well as for himself. There is no evidence of pride as Joseph interprets God's dealings. God has made abundant provision for us in Christ. This lesson is the reverse of the usual order in that the lesson illustrates the golden text rather than the text illuminating the lesson.